

BIG NEW YORK DISPLAY.

CELEBRATION OF COLUMBUS DAY.

A Five Days' Festival and the Most Brilliant Night Parade Ever Witnessed.—The "Car of Electra" Is Edison's Greatest.



HE patriotic citizens of New York city, though grievously disappointed at their failure to secure the World's Columbian exposition, decided at once to have a preliminary display of their own, which should begin in 1892, to whet the appetite for the great display of 1893. Once begun, however, the scheme grew rapidly until it passed far beyond a mere city display. The legislature passed an act granting extraordinary powers, a general committee of 100 was organized, and subcommittees for all the specialties, and the result will be a five days' festival surpassing all previous displays of the kind on this continent.

It will begin on Saturday, Oct. 8, with special school and synagogue services, and terminate on the night of Oct. 12 with a parade and symbolic march of groups and floats from the Battery to Fifty-ninth street, representing every detail of progress, from the cave dweller and the Aztec to the last miracle of Edison, and from the first rude aboriginal orator to Bob Ingersoll and Chauncey Depew. On the 13th there will be some minor social affairs, but the public demonstrations will culminate on the night of the 12th in a moving spectacular drama which will surpass all the world has yet seen in that line. This will be the great popular feature of the festival, but the preceding days will be worthy of the occasion.

The special school and synagogue services on Saturday will be largely of an educational nature, making plain to the young the meaning of the anniversary. On Sunday, Oct. 9, all the preachers in the city will make the great event their theme, and in the afternoon there will be special Columbian Sunday school services. On the 10th the school children, the students of all the colleges and other educational institu-

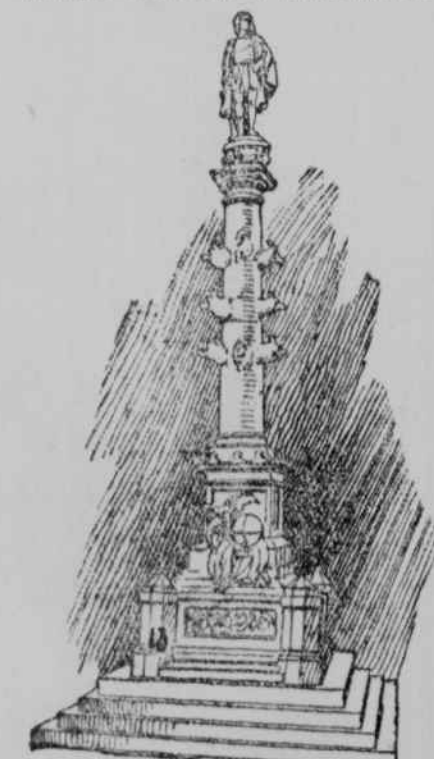


SANTA MARIA FLOAT.

tions, with the inmates of the industrial and orphan homes, will have their parade, which will be reviewed by President Harrison. On the 11th the great naval display will take place. All the men-of-war of the north Atlantic squadron will move around the southern end of the city and up the Hudson, while the vessels of all nationalities in the harbor will be appropriately decorated.

The 12th will be a legal holiday and the official day. At sunrise the forts and men-of-war will fire salutes, and all the church bells of the city will ring joyously. This is the day of the great military parade, the unveiling of the statue of Columbus, the presentation of the Italian societies, and the orations. The president of the United States and other officials will occupy a stand by the Worth monument and review the forces as they pass. They will march from the Battery up Broadway, thence to Fourth avenue, then from that avenue westward to Washington square, then up Fifth avenue to Fourteenth street, east to Fourth avenue, up to Seventeenth street, through to Fifth avenue and up to Fifty-ninth street, where the Columbus monument is to be unveiled.

It is a long march, nearly seven miles, and as the broadest streets are selected it is believed that at least three-quarters of a million people can witness the parade with comfort. The crowd itself will be a sight, for not only will all the street space on each side of the line of march be occu-



COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

pled, but every window will be utilized and every available housetop black with gazers. In the parade there will be an interesting combination. Military companies of New York and adjacent states, Grand Army men of every post in the state, regular soldiers and marines will alternate with uniformed secret and civic societies, orders composed of French, Dutch, German, Spanish, Italian and other foreign born citizens; volunteer firemen and honored guests in carriages. From the invitations already accepted it is believed the parade will be over three miles in length.

The great Columbus statue will be unveiled in the presence of the president of the United States, vice president, ex-presidents, the cabinet, governors, mayors and foreign ministers, and the display for the daytime will there end. It is at night, however, as the artist in charge—Captain Alfred Thompson—and his assistants assure us, that the people will really be astonished and delighted. A moving panorama brilliantly illuminated by the power of 3,000 incandescent lamps and manufac-

turing its own light as it goes will indeed be a wonder. The display is to represent "The Triumph of America," and will follow nearly the same route as the military parade.

A slightly fervent historian has told us, treating of the first view Columbus got of the New World, that "the imagination reels at consideration of his probable emotions." If so, then the same imagination, if able to realize all that Captain Thompson and his assistants promise as to this electrical illuminated parade, would probably lie right down in complete exhaustion. There will be all the usual floats or barges, representing all the favorite scenes of "Pocahontas" and John Smith, "George and Martha" and the rest of the historic folks, but there will be many novel combinations, and in addition historic groups on horse-



FLOAT OF THE CAPITOL.

back and tableaux vivants, but the greatest curiosity of all perhaps will be the Edison car, possibly known in the list as the "Car of Electra."

It is not possible for the unscientific method to give any description of the method of its operation or for the unscientific reader to understand one. Suffice it to say that all the ingenuity of the best electricians of the city has been employed on its details, and they have tested its workings on rough roads and found it a perfect success. The storage battery on a temporary float was hauled over the roughest places without spilling a drop of the acid or dimming the brilliancy of the lights. This battery weighs three tons and will not only illuminate the float, but supply electric light to the torches carried by the men walking beside it. Minor batteries will in like manner illuminate other floats. This has never been attempted before, and its success makes an epoch in itself.

First in this night pageant will appear a group of mounted heralds sounding the coming of Columbus. Next the float representing our hemisphere, and over it the flying figure of Fame sounding the praise of the newly discovered world. Then will follow in order the floats representing the continent previous to Columbus—the cavemen with ax of granite and weapon pointed with flint, the painted Indian in the chase, the Toltec pyramid and the priests of Mexitli, the distant Popocatepetl and the priests of fire offering sacrifice to the sun. Behind this will march the living representatives of Toltec tribes.

The Santa Maria next appears manned by Spanish sailors, on its deck a heroic statue of Columbus, and after it the reproduction in living figures of the Spanish court—Ferdinand and Isabella, the courtiers and ladies in waiting, all mounted on horses caparisoned in the style of that day. Next in order will be the float representing the great discoverer who followed Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci in the place of honor, now that it is clearly proved by which the wrong name was given to this continent. Next are the floats of Captain Hendrick Hudson and the living groups, representing the wedding of John Alden and Priscilla, the float of Liberty and after it the national heroes from Washington to Grant.

It is to be regretted that the triumphal arch of Columbus designed by Mr. Henry B. Herts cannot be finished this year, but the wooden model will serve temporarily. It is an interesting fact that one of the chief difficulties encountered by the committee in procuring enough horses of just the right kind, for of course all the ladies in the procession must be well mounted. The length of the parade will make it fatiguing enough at the best. It goes without saying that there is general anxiety about the weather, but if the night of the 12th is unfavorable the parade will take place on that of the 14th.

J. H. BEADLE.

SOME CHICAGO STATISTICS.

As Compiled by a British Consul for His Government.

It is of interest sometimes to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us. Herewith is reproduced from the British Architect a condensation of the annual trade report of Colonel Hayes Sadler, British consul at Chicago. His financial statistics are presented in pounds sterling as the most of the kind, for of course all the ladies in the procession must be well mounted. The length of the parade will make it fatiguing enough at the best. It goes without saying that there is general anxiety about the weather, but if the night of the 12th is unfavorable the parade will take place on that of the 14th.

"The city is still increasing, and now contains about 1,800,000 inhabitants. Chicago now extends along the line of Halsted street a distance of 31½ miles, and from east to west at the broadest point 10½ miles. It covers an area of 15,328 acres, or 180.2 square miles, and is almost entirely surrounded by magnificent boulevards stretching for about 33 miles and expanding here and there into extensive parks. In 1890 there were 127,871 dwellings and 230,320 families, or an average of 1.73 families to each dwelling. Last year 11,906 buildings were constructed, covering a frontage of 53½ miles, at a cost of \$11,134,000, to which may be added probably 20 per cent. for completion beyond the estimates. The river frontage extends 41 miles, and the lake frontage 21 miles. There are 2,332 miles of streets, and counting the boulevards 3,164 miles; 775 miles of streets are paved, of which 481 miles are paved with wood, and 231.3 miles with stone.

"The park and boulevard system covers 2,597 acres. Nearly 100 miles of fresh sewers were laid last year, with pipes varying from 9 inches to 9 feet in diameter. Education has kept pace with the general advance; there are 218 schools, seating 125,000 pupils, and costing \$1,150,000, 88 per cent. of which is raised by taxation and the balance derived from school property. Three years ago the appropriation did not amount to half that sum. The total trade in 1891 is estimated at \$300,835,000 against \$284,500,000 in the preceding year, or a little less than one-third of the total bank clearings. In 1890 the total trade was, in round numbers, \$4,000,000; in 1890, \$20,000,000; in 1891, \$77,000,000; in 1892, \$126,000,000; in 1893, \$196,000,000; in 1894, \$284,000,000, and in 1895, \$300,000,000.

A SQUIP OF SWallows.

The swallow nuisance continues with unabated vigor at the Naval academy, Annapolis. From 8,000 to 20,000 swallows gather every evening in five or six swallows trees in front of the superintendent's residence and make evening and morning hideouts with their cries. All efforts to drive them away have failed, and a bell and gong are kept going at intervals to drive the pests from the two trees next to the superintendent's house. Every year from the 14th of July to October this disagreeable rendezvous is maintained by the swallows.

The latest triumph of Yankee inventive genius is an india rubber fisherman. It is said to be a remarkably good imitation of the common earthworm, is indestructible, and in actual use proves as alluring to the fishes as the genuine article.

ENGLAND'S IRON HAND.

LATELY DECLARED PROTECTORATE

Latest Incident in a Career of Annexation That Has Made Great Britain a Bigger Empire Than Rome Ever Was.

Macaulay gives us an interesting story of the first British settlement in India—how an Englishman, oppressed by an official, traveled to the court of Aurangzeb, the last and greatest of the great moguls, and laying hold on that monarch's bridle reins as he rode out of the palace yard demanded justice in the name of the common God of the Christian and the Mussulman. Little did either party then dream, adds the historian, that in a coming time the British would rule all its vast domain and dole out a monthly pension to his heir. Yet that has come to pass.

About that time (1670-80) England was fairly launched upon her great career of annexation, which has continued with but slight interruptions to this day, and the seizure of the Gilbert islands last May was but the last of scores of such seizures. Once she voluntarily ceded away territory—the Ionian islands—to Greece, and once only has any portion of her vast empire been lost by successful revolution. These



KING PAUL.

cases excepted, her march has been ever onward till she now rules about one-fourth of the earth's surface and one-fifth of the human race. The Roman empire at its greatest had not half so many people as British India, and compared with Britain's domain all the ancient empires of Asia sink into insignificance.

Her latest acquisition, the Gilbert islands, or Kingsville group, lie just north of the equator and in longitude 172 east—that is, 2,500 miles by sea from the thickly settled part of Australia. They were discovered by the British Admiral Byron in 1786, and then seemed to consist mostly of coral reefs, each island a circular rock, so to speak, including an inner sea bordered by sand hills. But later explorations showed several of the islands to be inhabited, and the total population is now about 25,000. The coconut tree is the life of the people; its fruit makes a large part of their food, and from its wood and bark are constructed their boats, clothing, utensils and habitations.

The people are simple, civil and unwarlike, and governed by hereditary kings. Apamama is the principal island, and King Paul is a boy of ten years. Tunbinoko had been king for many years, when he died in 1861, and was succeeded by his brother Simmon, who soon killed himself by drinking. Both these monarchs were of immense size, weighing over 300 pounds each. King Paul succeeded as the son of Simmon, and there was a relaxation of the rule which gave occasion for interference. On the 27th of May, 1892, Captain Edward H. M. Davis, of the British ship Royalist, planted the British flag on Apamama and read this proclamation:

Her majesty, Victoria, queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and empress of India, having this day assumed a protectorate over the Gilbert islands, I remain all residents in the group, other than natives, that it is contrary to law to supply firearms, ammunition, explosive substances or intoxicating liquors to any natives of the Gilbert islands. This is hereby made known for general information.

The flag was then run up and saluted by the marines, and the Royalist fired a salute of twenty-one guns. King Paul stood by, apparently pleased with the spectacle, holding his shoes in his hand and digging up the sand with his toes. The few Americans in the island were furious and protested vehemently, but of course without avail. The captain visited all the inhabited islands and hoisted and proclaimed in each.

The islanders are nominally Christian, and there are English and American missionaries. The missionaries and a few traders make quite a little society of whites. Many refinements have been introduced, and the "palace" of King Paul is well furnished in the European style. Most of the dwellings are quite substantial structures, raised on stone foundations and thatched with coconut leaves. The people speak the same language throughout the group, and the missionaries have printed testaments and hymn books in the native tongue. The principal trade is in coconuts and other simple tropical products.

It is not likely that the annexation will be seriously contested by any other power, and the natives seem well pleased with it, as it guarantees them against kidnapping and other outrages to which they have



KING PAUL'S HOUSE.

been subject. They are now British subjects, with all the rights and privileges thereunto belonging, and it is an odd fact that one of the first acts of the new rulers was to hang a Chinaman for murdering another, both being British subjects previous to the annexation.

THE SHADOW IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The Fate of a Man Who Blasphemed God.

You couldn't stop a man from not already on a claim if the ground was not already covered, and so, though none of us liked the looks of this new chap who came in on us at Strawberry hill, we couldn't gainsay his staking out and putting up a rude shanty. We soon discovered that his loo did not belie him. You'd expect to find some bad men in the mines, but this man, whom we soon nicknamed "Satan," was worse than any dozen of them put together. The way he would curse God and man was something awful to hear, and we sometimes wondered why the wrath of heaven was not visited upon him. We ostracized and outlawed him, but he would not go away. Only the fear that we would string him up kept him from doing murder, for he had a temper like a wild beast.

One day, after dinner and after a spell at cursing and reviling, he went down into his claim and fired a blast, which blinded him forever. Then he became worse than before. His cursing and raving became so

constant that we built him a shanty on the rocks half a mile away and led him to it. Three times a day a man was sent up with his meals, and this continued for weeks and weeks. For a long time there was no change, either in his health or disposition. Then he began to grow thin and wan and to cease cursing, and one evening he asked of the man who brought his meal:

"Jim, is that a trail leadin' up here from camp?"

"No," was the reply.

"If anybody was comin' down the trail from Top Notch how would they hit me?"

"Why, strike across about forty rods above camp."

"And the door faces that way?"

"Yes."

"How's the nights now, Jim?"

"Full moon and bright as day."

That was about all that was said, but I wish to tell you herethat "Satan" was blinded his eyelids were closed fast. He could never open them after that, except he used his fingers. There was an injury to the muscles controlling them as well as to his vision. Day and night were alike to him. On that very night, about half an hour after midnight, a prowling wolf disturbed our camp and routed out three or four men. They were driving the beast away, when they looked up and saw a shadow on the Top Notch trail. It was as light as day, and there was no question in their minds. It was a queer shadow. It had the shape of a little old woman bent over with age. The three or four men passed from tent to tent, and before long sixty or seventy of us were out and had our eyes fastened on the queer thing. By and by it floated over the rocks and shrubs toward "Satan's" shanty, and every man of us followed it to the door and beyond with his eyes.

"It's a woman—an old woman!" whispered a score of men.

"But what can a woman be doing here?"

One or two suggested that somebody go up to the shanty, but no one volunteered. There was something so queer and uncanny that nobody felt like making a closer investigation. It was perhaps ten minutes after the figure entered the shanty before it reappeared. It passed over the same ground, in the same peculiar way, and as it reached the trail it halted for a moment as if looking back. Our eyes followed it up the plain, broad trail until it grew fainter and fainter and finally dissolved.

"What did it look like to you?" asked one man of another.

"A little old woman, bent and feeble," was the reply.

All had seen alike. You may ask why some one didn't pursue. No man had ever seen a living woman on that trail, or expected to. This was a woman, and yet it was not. Its presence cast an awe upon everybody. Some of the men returned to bed, and others gathered in groups and talked in whispers until daylight came.

There were fifty men who went up in a crowd to "Satan's" shanty. They found him fully dressed and seated in the door, and he had been dead for hours. Perhaps you expected that, but let me tell you his eyes were wide open, his vision seemed to have returned, and he was looking across to Top Notch trail just as a living man would—aye, looking and looking, and his face had softened and a smile had crept over it and been held there by the fingers of death.

"It was the spirit of his mother!" whispered the men as they stood and looked into the face of the dead man, and so we have ever believed. M. QUAD.

Success Late in Life.

It is a feature of this generation that it is animated by the spirit of never too late to begin. We read, to be sure, of the stern perseverance of Cato, who mastered Greek after eighty, and of Plutarch beginning the study of Latin at seventy, but these were exceptional men of their day, and the fact that these instances are still recited with emphasis proves that they are very uncommon. Women even more than men until now have been prone passively to accept the limitations of years, and as early as forty settle back with the resigned "It is too late for me to do anything."

In that "universality for middle aged women" the women's clubs, however, they are learning more wisdom, and the results of it are beginning to show. A case to illustrate is that of a married pair who found, after their little family was growing up around them and the burden of caring for them seemed to absorb every faculty, that each had put a valuable talent aside to rest. The wife's fingers itched to draw, her artist eyes saw designs in everything, while the husband had spoiled a good doctor in a poor salesman. And one day the wife rose to the situation.

She left her two little ones with their father and spent six months in a German city, studying night and day. On her return, after a little effort and waiting, she secured a place as designer in a print factory, and then it was the husband's turn. His place in the white goods department of a wholesale house knew him no more, but a class of young medical students was augmented by a man of forty, whose energy and devotion to the science brought him rapidly along.

All this was five years ago. Today the wife is still busy designing, and the husband is established in a growing practice, each happy in having found her and his life work.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Cases of Circumstantial Evidence.

Not a great while ago the bodies of two young men named Emerson and Fishbaugh were found in a box car near Sidney, Neb. They had each been shot in the head, evidently while asleep. A young man named Frazzell, who had been in the company, was arrested and locked up in the St. Joe (Mo.) jail. The evidence appeared to be strong against him. About three weeks afterward, however, Charles Miller, a fifteen-year-old boy, was arrested at Manhattan, Kan., and confessed. Frazzell was released, and the boy was hanged for the crime. Had Miller withheld this confession he would never have been suspected, and Frazzell would have probably occupied his place upon the scaffold.

Patrick McCarthy was hanged at Fort Smith, Ark., for the murder of Thomas and John Mahoney, in the Cherokee Nation, Feb. 16, 1890. The press report says that the evidence was purely circumstantial, there being no eyewitnesses, and the only eliminating circumstances being the finding of certain property of the murdered men in McCarthy's possession. He went to the gallows with a crucifix in his hand and died protesting that he was not guilty. The press report declared that the general impression was that an innocent man had suffered for another's crime.

Both Eyes Away.

Henry Young, of Greenbush, Me., was out blueberrying near his clearing, and got onto a large hemlock tree to walk along over a rough place. The tree lay about four feet above the ground in the middle, and at this point Mr. Young slipped off the tree and fell onto a large bear that was taking a nap. It would be hard to tell whether the man or the bear was the most frightened, but neither stopped to show fight.

Relief for a Tight Shoe.

When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know that the folded cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth, and stretch the shoe and shapes it to the foot.—New York Times.

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY.

NEW YORK'S OPINION OF ITS SINGER

Pauline Hall's New Opera "Puritania" Has a Bright Libretto and Attractive Music. John Drew's Important Venture.



English woman is said to receive a salary of \$300 a week from Mr. Charles Frohman, while the common herd, who do the same act very nearly as well, consider themselves in luck when they can count on receiving a hebdomadal stipend of forty or fifty dollars.

I am not like the juror who called his eleven companions fools because they failed to agree with him, and although I am free to confess that Lottie Collins was a distinct disappointment to me when I saw her at the Standard theater, New York, a few nights since, I realized that there must have been something more than the commonplace about her dance, or it would never have created such a furore in London. I watched closely for an explanation of the extraordinary popularity of this extraordinary "artist's" extraordinary dance.

And I have discovered it.

Miss Collins has made a hit for no other reason than that she strives by contrast and by every other means possible to create the impression that she is simply bubbling over with animal spirits. She swags, she wriggles, she sways back and forth, she shrugs her shoulders, she whips her hair on the floor, she whoops, she shakes her head, her shoulders, her arms, her hands, her body and her feet. While she sings the chorus she is the personification of restless motion—a creature who is unable to longer control the pent-up animal spirits which she has contrived to keep in check while she spoke the senseless words of the various stanzas.

Were Miss Collins' "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" introduced into a play as the doings of a young woman who had just returned from a late dinner, where she had imbibed too freely of champagne, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it an artistic piece of acting. But as for singing or dancing, or even kicking, Miss Collins' act is beneath criticism.

If any one takes pleasure in seeing the antics of a bareheaded schoolgirl, two-thirds intoxicated, depicted on the stage, he will enjoy Miss Collins' attempt to delineate such a character, for she does it to the life. That is all she does, and the comments of the New York papers on her work are therefore absolutely incomprehensible to me.

Pauline Hall and her opera company opened at the Fifth Avenue theater recently in a new comic opera—"Puritania." The libretto was written by C. M. S. McLellan, a bright newspaper man, and the music was composed by Edgar Stillman Kelley. Both these gentlemen have done well in "Puritania."

It seems nowadays to be the fashion among the critics to say of a libretto, if it be bright and sparkling, that it "attempts to be Gilbertian." If the score includes some swinging numbers which give promise of general popularity, the music is declared to be "reminiscent." If the two words, "reminiscent" and "Gilbertian" were to be eliminated from the vocabulary of the average newspaper critic of modern comic opera, the notices of new productions in that line would occupy very much less space than at present.

Mr. McLellan has made Salem witchcraft the moving theme of his book. This would not ordinarily be considered a particularly promising subject for a fine de siècle comic opera, and I was genuinely surprised to find that "Puritania" contains as many queer conceits and bright, original speeches as any opera that Gilbert ever wrote. Another point in "Puritania" is that it contains a well defined and easily traceable plot. In that respect it is something of an innovation. The mounting of "Puritania" is really superb, and Pauline Hall appears to better advantage than she ever did in her most palmy "Erminie" days at the Casino.

Mr. Kelley's music is not brilliant, nor should it be in an opera of this grade. But it is pretty, "swinging," catchy and no more reminiscent than Mr. De Koven's or Mr. Sullivan's. Several numbers possess those elements of popularity which will cause them to be whistled on the streets. Two choruses are particularly beautiful, and are perhaps the most ambitious efforts of the opera.

Besides being a fine actor himself, John Drew comes of a family which stands prominent in the modern annals of the American stage. His recent debut in Milwaukee in Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Alexander Blaisdell's comedy, "The Masked Ball," in which Mr. Drew was featured—which is the next thing to being starred—was watched with great interest. Those who feared that Mr. Drew, although fully up to the requirements of a leading man in even so strong an organization as Daly's stock company, was scarcely of stellar caliber, may rest easy on that score, for the newspapers, with scarcely an exception, have pronounced his debut under Charles Frohman's management an unequivocal success.

OCTAVUS COVENS.

THREE OHIO CANDIDATES.

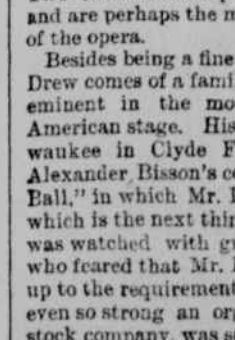
Men Who Are Running for Congress in Famous Districts.

Among the recent congressional nominations in Ohio are three of especial interest. The first is that of Louis P. Ohliger, of Wooster, who was named by the Democrats of the famous Sixteenth district to succeed the late Congressman John G. Warwick, who was elected in 1890 after the memorable campaign with Governor McKinley, then a member of the house and author of the present tariff, as his opponent. Mr. Warwick's recent death caused a special election to be ordered.

The state last winter was redistributed by the Republicans, and the "Old Sixteenth" ceased to exist, but legal authorities held that the vacancy must be filled from the district as organized at the time of Mr. Warwick's election. Hence Stark, Wayne, Holmes and Medina counties will elect Mr. Warwick's successor at the same time that they choose a representative in the next congress under the new apportionment. But once before has this state of affairs existed in Ohio. After a vigorous convention contest Mr. Ohliger was chosen as the Democratic candidate. As the district is reliably Democratic he is almost certain to fill out the unexpired term.

Mr. Ohliger was born in Bavaria in 1843. He came to America in his youth and settled in Canton. In 1857 he removed to Wooster and engaged in business as a wholesale druggist, and has made a moderate fortune. He has filled various positions of trust in his home city, serving as councilman, county treasurer and postmaster. He is a highly respected citizen and identified with the Masonic order, Knights of Pythias, Red Men and Royal Arcanum.

Orlando J. Hodge, Republican nominee for congress in the Twenty-first district, which includes part of the important city of Cleveland, is making the race against Tom L. Johnson, the well known Demo-



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.

cratic leader in the present congress. The reapportionment threw Mr. Johnson into a new district, and has a Republican majority of about 1,500. Mr. Hodge, who thus becomes an object of political interest, is well known.

He was born in Erie county, N. Y., in 1828, and in 1842 removed to Cleveland. He served in the Mexican war and at its close entered Genoa seminary as a classmate of the late President Garfield. Leaving that institution he removed to Connecticut, and was elected to the legislature, serving in the house of representatives and the state senate. In 1867 he returned to Cleveland, and in 1873 was chosen to the general assembly, being re-elected in 1875, 1881 and 1883. During his last term he was speaker of the house. He conducted the publication of the Cleveland Voice for ten years, retiring in 1888.

The Democrats of the Eighteenth district, so long represented in congress by Major McKinley, have nominated as their candidate Dr. George P. Ikert. The district is composed of Stark, Cuyahoga and Mahoning counties, and although there is a normal Republican majority of about 1,800 Dr. Ikert claims that he will give his opponent, Thomas R. Morgan, of Alliance, a stiff contest.

Dr. Ikert is a resident of East Liverpool. He is in the prime of life and a ready debater. This is the second time he has been honored with a congressional nomination. He made the race against Major McKinley in 1888 and was defeated after an exciting campaign.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

What the American girl needs to perfect and maintain her charms is the cold morning bath, less violet powder, more fresh air and out of door exercise, and the utter extermination of the horrid furnace, which, placed in every cellar, sends forth sirocco-like blasts of air into every chamber in the house, and so converts the modern American home, in point of temperature, into a conservatory for forcing plants.—Exchange.

Turnips All Right.

He stood at the extreme point of Prospect park, Niagara Falls, watching the mighty flow of waters, and his ears filled with the tremendous roar from the abyss below. He trembled magnetized by the rush and appalled by the sounds. Men who watched him saw his face undergo a great transformation as the grandeur of nature was thus brought in contact with his very soul. All of a sudden one of the observers stepped forward, touched his arm and led him back a few steps, and asked:

"Say, old man, how do you think turnips are going to turn out this fall?"

There was a general murmur of indignation at this exhibition of sacrilege, but the old man's face lighted up, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he answered:

"I guess they'll turn out purty fair, considerin', and I'm glad you spoke to me. I was gittin' gosh-darned tired of seein' this thing make such an infernal fuss for nothin'! Let's sit down somewhere where we kin whittle and talk!" M. QUAD.

His Massive Brow.

The man had a broad, intellectual brow, and the general shape of his head indicated unusual mental acumen. He was a contractor, and had called at the house of the Walnut Hills land baron to receive final directions for the rebuilding and renovation of the house. He talked with the mistress for an hour, and now that she had finished he hesitated to depart.

"Well?"

He started at the sound of the lady's voice.

"Excuse me, ma'am!"

He moved ungraciously in his seat.

"Excuse my boldness, but as a matter of protection to myself I would like to"—